

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Foreign News.

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICE CURRENT.

		TUESDAY, January 16, 1866.	
(Generated weekly by J. McArthur, J. Hedge & Co., C. H. Mulliken & Co., and C. & F. Farmer.)			
Flour, 50 bush. \$17.00	Cheese 5 lb. Park, \$22.00	90	12
Flour, 100 to 120 bush. 17.50	Wheat & Oats, 90	12	
Rye Meal, 100 to 120 bush. 17.50	Lamb & Veal, 90	12	
Rye, 100 to 120 bush. 17.50	Beef, 90	12	
Wheat, 100 to 120 bush. 17.50	Chickens & Eggs, 18 to 25		
Corn, 100 to 120 bush. 17.50	none		
Bran, 100 to 120 bush. 17.50	Hot Tops, 18 to 25		
Potatoes, 100 to 120 bush. 17.50	none		
Dried Apples, 10 to 12 bush. 15.00	10 to 12 bush. 15.00		
Green Apples, 10 to 12 bush. 15.00	none		
Butter, 50 lb. 15.00	50 lb. 15.00		
Cheese, 14 to 17 lb. 15.00	50 lb. 15.00		
Butter, 17 to 20 lb. 15.00	50 lb. 15.00		
Lard, 12 to 15 lb. 15.00	50 lb. 15.00		
Honey, 12 to 15 lb. 15.00	50 lb. 15.00		
Round Hams, 10 to 12 bush. 15.00	50 lb. 15.00		

CATTLE MARKETS.

AT BRIGHTON, CAMBRIDGE AND MEDFORD.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1866.

At market:

Cattle. Sheep. Hogs. Feat.

This market: 2,000 lbs. \$1.00

Last week: 2,000 lbs. \$1.00

One year ago: (Jan. 11.) 2,125 lbs. \$1.00

PRICES.

BEEF—Extra \$1.00 per lb. For 100 lbs. on the total.

First quals. 13.50/14.00 per lb. Sheep 90

Second 9.00/10.00 and dressed head. 90

A very few extra Western steers, 16.00—

Primes of cows, bulls, & calves, \$1.50/2.00

Calves, \$1.00/1.50

Feet, \$1.00/1.50

Wool, in lots, 12.00/14.00 per lb. Fat hogs, 100 lbs. 11.00/12.00, live weight.

Wool, in lots, 12.00/14.00 per lb. For 100 lbs. on the total.

Feet, \$1.00/1.50

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Wool, in lots, 12.0

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.
BEAUTIFUL YEARS.
"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away."—Revelations.

Through the frosty northern winds,
And down the mountain side,
The sun hear the wind's low call,
And the northward snows descend,
Hark! not as one howls,
My soul has a youthful sound,
And in its beauty, I am happy.

These snows washes thine under leaves
To lights reflected and cold,
But warmly glows the beauty
Of the sun's warm smile,
To light has no bitter anguish,
The softest tears—
My soul has to be happy.

Flows down in Memory's caverns
Sooth the sorrows of Death,
And the scenes of life's scenes,
With frithfully rolling breaths,
And the softest tears—
My soul has to be happy.

Again in its beautiful years!

I have had my earth and my heaven—
And here I am, a new man—
On its wild rocks lonely and barren,
A fiery way is opening wide—
A life as pale as tree upures,
And a fiery way is opening wide—
The vision of the world's beauty—
In a new earth and new heaven,
Look!—the world's beauty years!

Philipps, Jan. 1, 1856.

L. C. B.

Our Story-Teller.

THE CHEST WITH SILVER MOUNTINGS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNN."

She was sailing out of Maderia, the good ship *South Star*, a fine trim British vessel, built more for cargo than passengers, but carrying the latter when she could get them. On her way home from Brazil she had a severe attack of the ague, and was compelled to put into Maderia for remedies. The crew, who were of the crew quitted her then, and whispers went about that they were afraid of her, or of something on her. Two passengers only had come on her from Rio de Janeiro, a Major Gore, his wife, an elegant young ladies, and their maid-servant. At Maderia she took on board a Major Valentine, a tall, thin, and very young man, and their maid-servant. The Major's means were strengthened, and the moderate charges of the vessel's sealing as compared with the passage of the regular packet had been the inducement to choose the *South Star*. They had come on board at the last moment and the usual confusion prevailed.

"Not down there, please; that's the cabin state, and I don't want to be crowded. The *Don* hired a young boy, in a sort of uniform, whom he sent to show him self in all parts of the ship at once."

"It was the elder-looking of the two young ladies whose death he thus interrupted. She turned her impudent face from the boy, and her fine dark eyes flashed from the boy's, and the hard question, 'What's the hard questions, just a plain tongue.'—

"The *Don*? Who is the *Don*? What do you mean?"

"That's him," said the boy, pointing a finger at a part of the deck, he was as rich as all the mint of Brazil, knocked into one, and he's as good as master of the ship, for his will's law. If he had nothing else but the cabin in his cabin, he'd be richer than he could count for gold and diamonds."

Opposite of her cabin, where she had been, she gazed in curiosity. Leaning nearly over the side of the ship was a tall, slender man, with a pale face, and sleepy dark eyes. She remembered to have seen him before, when they came on board, and she had noticed that he never cast his eyes toward her, but remained utterly indifferent to the new comers and the company they were causing.

"We were only cabin passengers," continued the boy. "We were only cabin passengers. We brought him from Rio. He's English. He's got his money. Vincent; a fellow that's always lurking. The *Don* can't check him, though, with a half turn of his strong eyelids. You must get a sight of the chest—such a big one! It's of carved ebony, with silver mountings."

"Because he's so rich, I suppose. He lost his wife and child out there, they say, and he's coming home for good. She was Spanish, or Portugal, and there was something odd about her, I fancy. The sailors, I know, say, 'They pray who are you? demand the young lady, regarding the familiar manner of the boy."

"Oh, I'm a m'dad. That's what they call us, at least; and a precious shanty it is, only we don't know it better."

To the sudden number of his listeners, the young gentleman suddenly vanished. Looking round, she saw the skipper advancing, along with the gentleman passenger. The captain stopped as he came up, probably thinking his duty to introduce them to each other.

"Mr. Valentine; Miss Gore."

Mr. Valentine raised his straw hat, and bowed. She bent also, but haughtily, as if in resentment of what the captain had done, and her voice carried a sound of rebuke to that functionary's ear, as she corrected his mistake.

"I beg your pardon, sir, it is as well to be correct. Mrs. Clayton, not Miss Gore."

"I beg your, ma'am," replied the captain. "I had intended you were the Major's daughter."

Vincent, the boy, was the only member of the Major's household who was not a slave. He had been brought up in the cabin of the Major, and was almost as small and comely as the face of Mr. Valentine. She was accosted by the maid-servant.

"What do you want, Miss?"

"If you please, ma'am, Miss Anta is waiting to know which of the two berths you would be pleased to share with her."

Mrs. Clayton descended to the cabin, one with two berths in it. A young lady, quite as elegant in form as herself, but with a face of but little beauty, save what lay in its fair blue eyes and its sweet expression, stood there, patiently waiting.

"Gentlemen, will you be so kind as to choose your berths?"

"Which is the most comfortable?"

"I think that one; it seems more airy than this."

"I beg your, ma'am," said Mrs. Clayton. "And the younger man, I quickly began to put her own words to use."

For a few days there was no great approach to intimacy. Mr. Valentine holding himself aloof. He was desirous to, in every way, the new passengers; and, as he had done on board there, three held more reverence on board than Mr. Valentine, who had a handsome chest that he kept secured in his cabin, and before which an elaborate curtain was drawn.

The Gores had left their only son a year before, in hope to procure his life. He had fully counted on this sum of his life, but had been disappointed.

Mrs. Clayton, his only daughter, had been married six months only, and had been back under her father's roof, a widow, these three years. She was but five-and-twenty now, and had no fortune whatever, though of prettily dressed. Gore, the orphan son of the Major's life, lived with them, and was shown about a small sum in the face of Mr. Valentine. She was accosted by the maid-servant.

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Contrary weather pursued it after quitting Maderia, just as it had previously; violent winds one day, and a tempest the next; and the voyage appeared to be unusually protracted; and Mrs. Clayton, who was a remarkably shrewd observer of men, was not a little disatisfied amidst the salers, who were bent on transplice beyond themselves. Many an interesting evening up between the Gores and the Anglo-Spaniard was memorable for his previous coldness. They were together always, however, for Mrs. Clayton, at his side, or sitting under the swing in the deck, while he told them tales of Brazilian life. And Geraldine Clayton, to think the wealthy Gore worth her notes. The Gores, however, had left their only son a year before, in hope to procure his life. He had fully counted on this sum of his life, but had been disappointed.

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